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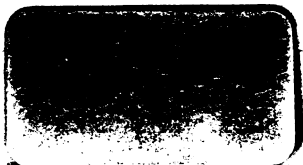
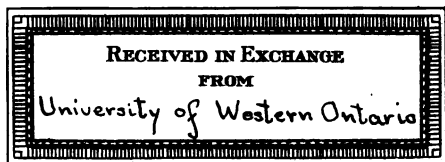
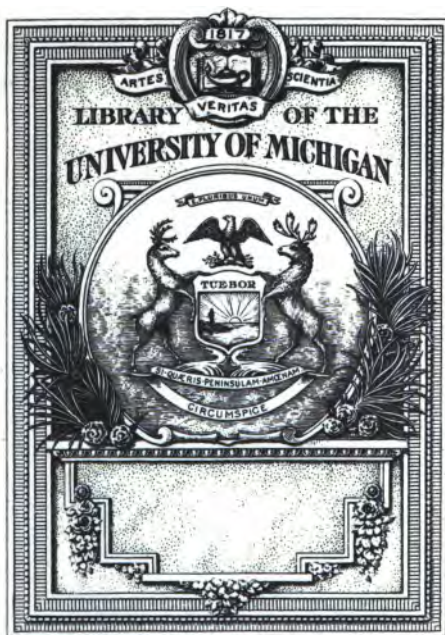
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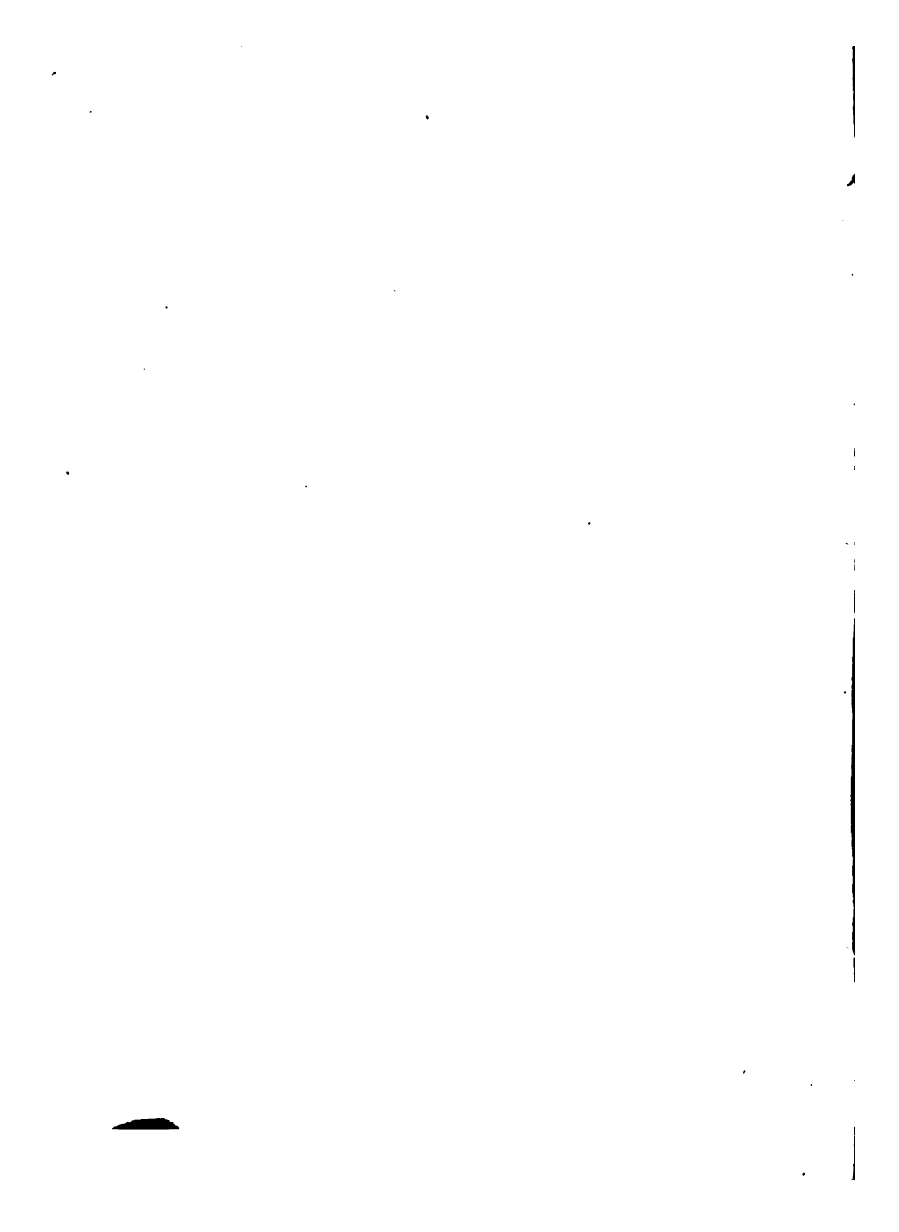


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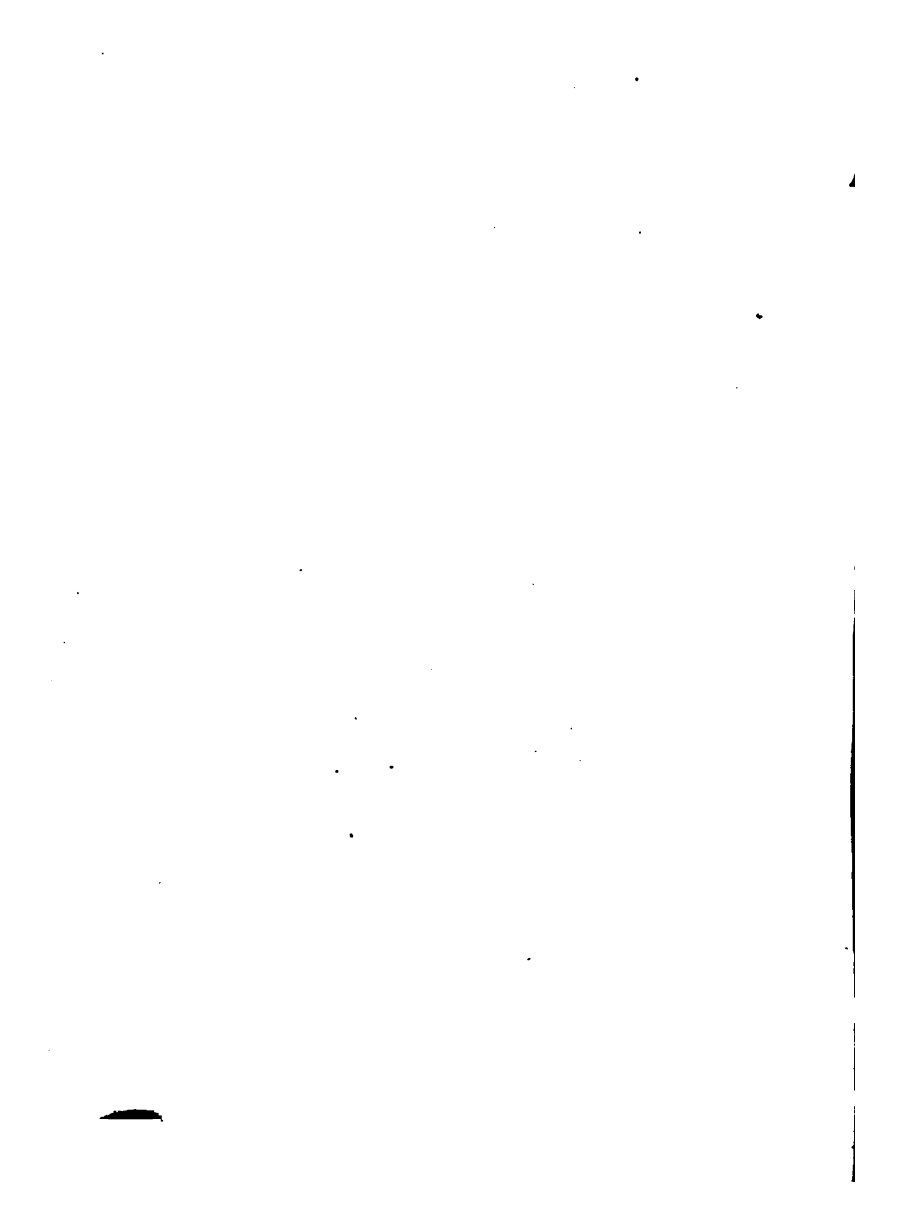


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# Captives of Cupid:

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A STORY OF  
OLD DETROIT.

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...By...

ANNETTA HALLIDAY-ANTONA



DETROIT,  
JOHN F. EBY & COMPANY,  
...1896...

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## CAPTIVES OF CUPID.

A STORY OF OLD DETROIT.

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The war of 1812 had broken out and the young Republic of the United States, from its eastern to its western boundary, labored in the throes of a bloody struggle which, if terminated unsuccessfully, signified the loss of all that the Revolution, at the cost of innumerable lives, had striven to obtain.

The result of Tippecanoe in the late fall of 1811 had ably demonstrated the influence of British emissaries; the Wabash valley was being laid waste by bands of prowling, murdering savages, and English insolence on the high seas continuing, in the capture of ships and the impressment

L.M.C.

of American seamen, warned the country that further endurance meant dishonor, and that war was inevitable.

Among the border towns of the Canadian frontier, fair Detroit—once the village of Pontchartrain and the old French settlement of Cadillac, founded in an impulse of strife between the governments of France and England, and the most ancient city of the great lakes—was well and favorably known to the British as a place of important western interests and progression, and caressed by the swift blue waters of its broad, majestic river, the town had crept gradually east and west and still more slowly northward into the lap of a fertile country, in whose forests the buffalo, quail and deer were yet abundant and plentiful, and the red man a frequent visitor.

Old settlers and pioneers of this far west could remember much that seemed strange

to the young generation of 1812; to be sure Fort Dearborn was pointed out in evidence of what prosperous Detroit had once been, but Fort Dearborn, a trading post, feebly garrisoned, a spot reached by an arduous journey of fifteen days over the Michigan Avenue road, then a mere Indian trail through the unbeaten forest, seemed insignificant indeed compared to the well-built, well-populated City of the Straits, and a veteran woodsman, who once contended that the geographical position of the fort in the wilderness of Illinois Territory would some day be superior to beautiful Detroit, with its population of nearly a thousand, was by turns ridiculed and pitied for his ignorance, for who could scan the years of the future until the generous grants of land to the Central railroad in 1850 converted, as if by magic, the forest wilds into thrifty centers of population?

The losses of property in the disastrous fire of 1805, which leveled Detroit to smoking ruins, had been fully made up; municipal government had wisely arranged the diagram of the town according to a plan approved by the Governor of the Territory of Michigan (William Hull, a distinguished Revolutionary officer) and the judges of Detroit, the limits extending from the river to Michigan avenue on the north, Woodward avenue on the east, and Cass avenue on the west; four narrow streets intersecting at right angles with four or five others, ran parallel with the river, while a high, strong stockade of tall oak and cedar pickets encircled the town at its boundaries, and protected it from surprise by the Indians, the Revolution having had the effect upon Detroit of subjecting it to even greater annoyances from Indian

warfare than before the gaining of independence.

The principal thoroughfare, St. Ann street (to-day Jefferson avenue), was fairly compact with houses and buildings, and the fort, formerly Fort Le Nault, besieged by Pontiac and his savages, but rechristened in honor of Governor Shelby, of Ohio, occupied with its grass-covered sides and deep moat and its provision store and hospital, a portion of the inclosure within the palisade walls (upon the spot where now stands the postoffice upon Fort street) a beautiful esplanade used as a parade and drill ground for troops stretching between the fort and the town, with barracks and officers' dwellings lying westward, while a strong block-house, in use as a guard house, and called the citadel, stood at the extreme west of the town, near the gate of the stockade.

A carriageway, perhaps twenty feet in width, encircled the town just inside the palisades; there were no sidewalks, plank pavements or stone crossings, but gravel paths and shade trees surrounded the cantonment, and the River Savoyard, flowing stealthily under the steeping sycamores and bending willows of its banks, made boating and fishing favorite pastimes, and formed the highway for bringing produce from the farms to the town, a pottery situated upon its shores, and owned by a native of Savoy, giving the creek its name.

For churches, there was the Catholic Mission of St. Ann's, under Father Gabriel Richard, upon St. Ann street, where Ives' banking office now stands, and the First Presbyterian Church, on the northeast angle of Woodward avenue and Larned street. The first brick dwelling had been



built in 1807, and was called the "Governor Hull house," and a two-story wooden house, unique and alone, amid its steep-roofed, dormer-windowed, one-story fellows, was known as the Commandant's headquarters, while near the water-side stood a council house, used for consultation with the Indians.

The river's shipping was of small importance in those days, the inhabitants giving more thought to its quantities of fish and delicious flavored water fowl than to maritime display, and as late as 1816 King's wharf, a rack of logs filled in with gravel and stones, was the only wharf along the city's front, a small store-house near it being the sole building of the old town that escaped the terrible fire of 1805.

Of the population, a large part were French, who lived upon farms occupying a river frontage of from two to five arpents,

and running backward a depth of eighty arpents, so that it became a common saying to state that the French inhabitants of Detroit started plowing upon a straight line at sunrise, and walking once down and back the length of their farms, returned at sunset.

Anglo-Saxon invasion had not yet proved strong enough to destroy the characteristic traits of those who following the fortunes of Cadillac, had braved all dangers of the wilderness, and made for themselves a home in this attractive region, where, upon both sides of the river, they dwelt, enriched by Indian traffic and in perfect harmony, one with another, forming the precursors of civilization; and, commingling with the aborigines, as the French colonist has ever done, they laid the hidden secrets of the wilderness open with the beauty and fertility which, but for their

adventurous footsteps, might have remained unexplored for ages.

Life was comparatively simple to Detroiters in those early days; a portion of the year isolated by vast seas of ice from all communication with neighbors; mail service and good roads problems for the future yet to solve, and the telegraph an unborn dream, they were of necessity thrown back upon themselves and their own resources for sympathy and amusement; the town was more like a great community of relatives than aught else, and French characteristics predominating. dancing, dining and wining were the order of the day, the blue river being dotted with the canoes of the young people, or the green lawns, gravel beach and the cheerful dusk of pear orchards resounding to the merry laugh or tender whisperings of promenaders, in whose blood thrilled the moonlight

of other countries, and the chivalry meet for the descendants of Louis XIV.'s brilliant reign, not untinged with the corruptions filtered down from that court and age through a hundred years.

The fixed object of De la Motte Cadillac to establish at Detroit a military outpost, which should checkmate English and Dutch avidity and secure to France a glorious territory of this new continent as well as an immense profit in fur traffic, had left an imprint upon the adventurous young colony which endured long after the Lilies of France had bowed before the Red Cross, and Sieur de la Motte Cadillac lay crumbling to dust in his grave.

Nearly every farm was rich in a fine orchard of apple, pear and cherry trees, which bore abundantly, and which, with the dwarf race of horses known as Canadian ponies, formed the principal source of

wealth of every French settler, the pear trees indeed being a conspicuous object of river scenery, the growth of the tree and excellence of the fruit, as well as the unknown origin of the trees, having passed into history. With the homesteads they marked, natural decay and the advance of modern architecture have swept away these famous old pear trees, and, like the songs of the Canadian voyageurs, they have disappeared and perished amid the channels of mechanical invention and the practical accumulation of wealth.

The homes themselves, log-built and substantial, a story and a half high, with small, projecting dormer windows within the lofty cedar-shingled roofs, constituted architectural Detroit. They were always square, with a hall running from front to rear, a heavy stone or log chimney rising from the center, and a low verandah orna-

menting the better class of dwellings, while every few miles of river scenery were punctuated with windmills which flung their picturesque arms against the blue sky.

Detroit at that date held few nobler-hearted, large-minded patriots than Thomas Shelby, whose genial red face was as familiar to his brother settlers and friends up and down the river, as his courage and bravery, which had been put to the proof upon more than one desperate occasion, were a recognized fact by his enemies.

Of the latter, the settler had many; it was impossible for a man of his upright integrity to assimilate with the dishonest money-getters who thronged the border towns of this roughly organized republic at that day, careless of name and honor, so long as avarice was satisfied. It was impossible for him to lie to either British

or American, Indian or Frenchman. He neither drank nor smoked, nor indulged in many of the dissipations of the French population in which all of the rest of pleasure-loving Detroit plunged itself, and he protested ever and loudly against the slaveholding which, even until 1807, existed in Detroit.

Such a man could not but have enemies, but he had also friends, among whom none was truer nor stauncher than old Robert Graylie, an Englishman who resided down the Canadian shore, near Sandwich, and whose son David was a lieutenant in His Majesty's regulars and was betrothed to Thomas Shelby's second daughter, Helen.

Gossip at times ran rife as to the "international marriage," as it was called, but whatever the rumors, no voice dared question the patriotism of the American father,

or to assert that the Englishman's partisanship made him an unpleasant neighbor.

Among the families of French half-breeds was that of Pierre Navare, who, with his Indian wife and ten children, occupied a small cabin away inland, far beyond the stockade and near the spot now covered by Palmer Park and its famous Log Cabin, whence an Indian trail verged towards the fur station, to-day the town of Pontiac. Unmolested by the wandering tribes of savages, with whom they lived in perfect accord, the Navare cabin became the resort of fur-traders, scouts, hunters and trappers, and that class of men familiar to the great lakes and forests, who were known as *voyageurs* and *coureurs-des-bois*, and who had traveled with the Indians upon hunting expeditions until perfectly familiar with remote tribes, customs and language, and thus became invaluable agents for the great

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fur companies of the east, who pursued the traffic of peltries with avidity.

Best known among these adventurous wood rangers was one Jean Marie Lepelette, whose tall, lank figure, clad in deer-skin leggins, red flannel or leather shirt and gay, tasseled cap, was a familiar and welcome object at the Navare lodge, where his stock of goods, arms and ammunition, brought, perhaps, by canoes from Montreal, were eagerly and curiously reviewed before he started forth upon his journey of barter, where a year or eighteen months would elapse before his return to civilization, ready for revelry and feasting, with his pack or canoe laden down with beaver skins.

Montreal, Detroit, Mackinac and Fort Dearborn were the scenes of wild carousal when these boatmen and woodmen returned, many of whom spent to their last

penny in riotous living, dissipation and debauch. Often the magnates of Montreal Quebec and New York participated also in the banqueting and merry making, and the council halls, which were usually the places of reunion, rang with the wild ballads of the French boatmen and the drunken yells of Indian hunters.

Beyond the generous welcome accorded him at Pierre Navare's, and the respect bestowed upon his fame as trader and scout, the half-breed Jean Marie Lepelette found a powerful magnet in the beautiful daughter of the house, Maunique Navare, and too often did he push aside untasted his venison steak or buffalo tongue, because her dark eyes rested upon his with either disdain or indifference.

For Maunique was beautiful; that there was no gainsaying, and further, she appreciated her beauty. Any young man in

Detroit—American, French or half-breed—would gladly have wooed her, while of young braves there were of her mother's relatives half a dozen who would have given many ponies apiece had old Pierre consented to allow their union.

But Pierre, although Mauniqué's mother was a full-blooded Pottawattomie and the daughter of a chief, turned a blind eye upon all red suitors, and would have chosen for his beautiful Mauniqué one of his own blood and faith.

The *coursur-de-bois*, Lepelette, therefore, was considered with a certain favor in the house of Navare, for, although a half-breed, he was essentially French in characteristics and religion, and although he was known to be a hard drinker at times, particularly upon the return from a successful voyage, that fact was nothing against him in those hard-drinking times

of bacchanalian toasts and brimming bumpers.

June had come with its pure, deep blue skies and its perfection of tint and foliage; every green, growing thing was fresh with the promise of nature's maturity, and day after day the dazzle of sunshine through the soft air wakened flower and grain and fruit, and night after night the frogs made music in the marshy river bayous, and the silvery glisten of the summer moonlight deepened the rich gloom of luxuriant shadows.

But the country was in war, throughout its length and breadth there were desolated homes, where husband, father, brother and son had shouldered the nation's responsibilities and marched away to his duty as an American and as a patriot, and hard-working mothers and wives took the vacant places in the ranks of home defenders and

bread winners, striving to meet the uncertain future bravely, and ever with the prayer that America's cause triumph and the dear, absent ones be spared.

In Detroit, as in many of the border towns, the inhabitants upon both sides of the river were in friendly intercourse and often in business relations one with the other, and despite discussions which frequently lacked little of real battles, the members of the opposite factions continued at intervals to visit and transact their affairs.

The family of Robert Graylie were as well known in Montreal as in Sandwich, where the capacious, square house, with its portico and seats looking riverward, its stone chimney, open fireplace and its dormer windows and gables stood in the solidity of a fortress, and presented many traces of bullet and tomahawk, while in-

teriorly hospitality and good cheer reigned in the spacious kitchen, where the burning maple logs gleamed like rubies upon the iron fire-dogs, and the festoons of apples hung upon lines from the roof.

Gentle Helen Shelby was a frequent visitor and greatly beloved by the Graylie household. Beauty she had not, but what is of infinitely more worth, sunshine of temper and disposition, sweet womanliness and constancy of affection were hers in abundance. Years afterward, when age had lined the peaceful face and gently touched the contours of youth, when sorrow and death had bereft her of all ties, there were those who, sick and helpless from plague or battle, in hospital or field, called upon her sweet ministry and never found it unresponsive, and who, cared for with her infinite patience and love, died thanking God for women such as she.

August was ripening to its end, and the ignominious surrender of Detroit by General Hull to the British, and the awful massacre by savages at Fort Dearborn filled the country with forebodings. The evil news swept over the land like a cyclone, bearing down before it courage and resolution, and leaving in its track indignant wrath and stern determination, humiliation and despair, and among others in the fallen city who broke their swords in two rather than yield them to the British, was Thomas Shelby, who, like his neighbors, had placed for safety his family, the day before the surrender, in a ravine upon what was then known as the Cass farm, not far distant from the town, where all night long the boom of the cannonading struck terror to their hearts, and the stray shells which occasionally burst in the direction of the

ravine, plowed up the ground before them and cut down giant trees.

At last the news came that the red-coats were crossing the river at the point now Springwells, and although the forest behind Detroit swarmed with Indians, and the advancing enemy placed the American garrison and its defenders between two foes, every heart beat high at the prospect of immediate action and with the hope that a glorious victory might end the battle.

Anxious and alert the American army awaited the order to fire. On, on came the red-coats, bright dashes of scarlet in the pale break of day, as cloudless and beautiful the morn rose over doomed Detroit. Detachment after detachment of British soldiery swung across the rippling water in canoe and barge, and the fresh morning



sunshine glittered upon the mighty paraphernalia of war, as one implement after another was landed and placed.

Gaily the English army breakfasted with jest and laughter about a mile below the town: revolutionary scores were forgotten, and as the companies formed for the forward march upon Detroit, fragments of song and bursts of laughter reached the ears of the garrison in Fort Shelby, as the light-hearted Englishmen came steadily onward. "We'll teach 'em a different tune," muttered the waiting Americans, as with anxious eyes they turned to their commanders, and each man singled out his mark among the enemy now so near, while in the ravine the crouching women, the old men, the little children listened breathlessly to every sound, for behind a crackling twig might lurk a savage foe, and as they list-

ened breathed a prayer for America and victory.

But no troops formed upon the esplanade, and the order for which the Americans waited in an agony of suspense remained unspoken. The watchers from the ravine gazed in vain for the opening of hostilities, and the more courageous, mounting to the ridge of the abyss, saw presently a man bearing a white flag gallop by. It was one of General Brock's aids bearing the signal of truce to the resistless fort, outside of whose walls he was met by a deputation of officers in authority.

To the horror and dismay of every man, woman and child, the glorious banner of free America was hauled slowly down, fold after fold, settling closely, as if in proud resignation to the evil destinies of the day, and the white flag of surrender waved in its place. It was consummated; strong men

wept like little children, and indignant women called out terms of opprobrium upon him who had so weak-heartedly handed over the town and its inhabitants and his nation's honor to the enemy .

British officers rode through every country lane and fruit laden orchard, assuring the trembling Detroiters of protection from the hordes of Indians who allied to His Majesty's service, followed the red-coats in such superior numbers that the British could scarcely be responsible for their behavior, but Detroit knew too well that so long as the Red Cross of England waved over it, each month would be a perpetual terror, a constant struggle to preserve life and property from a foe who recognized no civilized warfare, and whose treachery and fury were known and feared throughout the long miles of American frontier.

In striking contrast to this disgraceful blot upon national history, and the other land disasters which crowded one upon another in the rapidity of misfortune, shone the glorious successes of the young navy. American seamen had met and conquered those of the acknowledged "mistress of the seas," and the triumph in Newfoundland waters of the "Constitution" over the "Guerriere," raised a furiously beating pulse of hope throughout the land, while upon the same day of the defeat at Queens-town Heights the famous victory of the "Wasp" over the English brig "Frolic" off the Carolina coast, caused national pride and enthusiasm to run high, and renewed confidence reigned throughout the land.

General satisfaction at President Madison's war policy assured his re-election, and the raising of three armies for the invasion of Canada met with instant approval, while

even in British Detroit hope clamored loudly for recognition, and the patroits, enclosed there as prisoners of war, though silent through necessity, watched, waited and trusted for the unknown future to remove the hated Union Jack and hoist once again the Stars and Stripes of freedom.

Winter had come, a cold, snowy January at the beginning of 1813, and northern United States and Canada glittered with a deep, fleecy mantle of whiteness. Every pine and beech and hemlock was superbly crowned with the matchless purity of snow blossoms, and each nude tree, shivering against the cold, frosty sky, formed in its fringelike, gleaming drapery, a study for an artist.

It was the season in Detroit for mirth and merry-making, these fierce winters, when the great marsh called Le Grand

the scene of many sleighrides, and the long, one-story building at the marsh, called the Hotel, resounded to gay French chatter and music, while the fragrance of a good dinner and Arabian coffee passed out through the chinks in the logs to the entrance of the forest, where some stray half-starved red man dilated his nostrils to the odorous whiff and called it wistfully "good medicine." But this year there was no feasting and light-hearted revelry in the City of the Straits, the memory of the massacre at the River Raisin was too recent, and the lamentations of mourning Kentucky found an echo in all American hearts.

It was bitterly cold, most of the inhabitants of the small town were content to stay within doors beside their blazing fireplaces, trusting that His Majesty's allies,

the red men, would not conceive the idea of visiting the settlers that day, but a few stragglers, whom business or the want of it had impelled to be in town, congregated near the Catholic mission of St. Ann's, or threaded their way cautiously through the deep snow which lay thick upon the streets.

Among the latter a woman, warmly wrapped in a blanket and wearing snow-shoes, moved rapidly towards the grocery store of one Stephen Mack. She was of middle height, but exquisitely formed, even the rough drapery of a blanket could not conceal the supple, rounded curves which each lithe movement brought into evidence, and her lustrous black eyes looked out with a keen sense of enjoyment upon the sharp, frosty air.

Only to look at her one realized the signification of robust health, with rapidly circulating blood, and a nature filled with

ecstasy and new life at the impulsive, vigorous glow of winter.

As she passed a corner of St. Ann street a door opened cautiously, a head protruded from the opening and a voice with a heavy accent called out in French, "Maunique !"

The girl did not answer, but an infinitesimal smile, which was partly a sneer, curled her red mouth as she walked onward. Then the open door closed, and a figure shuffled out into the street and called again, "Maunique !"

The half-breed girl moved somewhat faster.

"Maunique," cried the man a third time, "have you heard the news ?"

By this time he was fully abreast of her, and the sun shining coldly down into his face, revealed the high cheek bones, sternly cut features and the beadlike, sparkling eyes of the American Indian.



The girl half halted and looked curiously at him.

"Have you heard the news?" he repeated, accommodating his pace to hers. "All the River Raisin captives are to be brought to Detroit this morning—those that are left of them," he added, glancing sideways at her with admiration.

"What do I care for the captives of the River Raisin?" retorted the girl, half laughingly. "Is that all your news, Jean Marie? I am French; I am neutral with both English and American. I am Indian; I am friendly with the warriors of Tecumseh. Bah! your news is fit for papooses; let me pass, Jean Marie."

And laughing provokingly at the scout's discomfiture and chagrin, Maunique went her way, and the *courreur-de-bois*, glancing after her longingly with an expression in his eyes wholly of his father's race, re-en-

tered the house from which he had stepped but a few moments before, while over the frosty roads leading to the town, and through the snow, came a small company of British regulars and a horde of their Indian allies, dragging, half-clothed in the piercing cold, half famished, wounded and bleeding from savage torture, that feeble remnant of Kentucky's pride, the survivors of the garrison of the River Raisin.

Whoop after whoop resounded through the quiet streets of old Detroit; mothers clasped their sleeping babes to their breast in one sharp agony of fear; old people fell upon their knees in prayer, as they remembered the massacre of Cherry Valley and Wyoming thirty years before, and men clutched whatever arms lay nearest to their hand, resolved to sell life and family and home as dearly as possible.

For although the mighty flag of England

waved over Detroit, it meant little to the conquered inhabitants, when His Majesty's allies had been served with rum and Proctor, the powerful, had offered a price for each American scalp.

But this time the fright was needless, a fact that was soon realized as groups of Indians moved from door to door, offering for sale their wretched captives. There they stood, the flower of Kentucky's manhood, with hands bound in cruel severity and nooses of strong rope about their necks. Should any one evince a tendency for flight he would be strangled much as western cowboys strangle refractory mustangs.

Suffice to say that the humane people of Detroit, resolved to save their countrymen at all costs, parted with every article of value they possessed, and not until they had satisfied themselves that there was

nothing more to be realized, did the savage captors abandon their prisoners and reel off to their wigwams in the forest.

As she stood aside to let them pass, confident in her neutrality, Mauniqué gazed curiously at the faces of the prisoners, her glance moving hastily until it fell and rested upon a curly, blond head, whose gold was dappled with blood, and over whose azure eyes a faintness, perhaps of death, was glazing. Twice he had fallen, and twice arisen to the jerk of his captor's neck-rope; a third time he was down, and now it seemed impossible for him to move. The savage who held him kicked him brutally.

"How young squaw like brave?" he queried mockingly, as he noted Mauniqué's attention to the fallen prisoner.

"How much do you want for him, Long-Hair?" answered the girl, as she recognized

in the savage one who had been several times at her father's lodge.

A surprised "ugh !" was the only reply, then, as memory came to him, the young brave laughed and exclaimed:

"White squaw know Long-Hair ? White squaw heap Injun; one day young brave take her and she be squaw in chief's wigwam. Why young squaw want dead white ?"

"Never mind, Long-Hair," retorted Maunique, impatiently, in his own tongue; "I will give you this blanket for him. It is all I have to give."

Long-Hair looked doubtfully at his prisoner, who lay still and motionless where he had fallen in the snow; the blanket was new and scarlet, and Long-Hair thought with triumph how he would parade in it before the young squaws who had so often ridiculed his ragged clothes. Moreover,

the blanket was thick and warm, and the winter cold, still-

"Long-Hair need blanket," he said, majestically, "Long-Hair need gun. Give Long-Hair blanket and gun, he leave white buck for young squaw."

"You are drunk, Long-Hair," exclaimed the half-breed girl, taking the blanket from her shoulder, "I have no gun; take this and be off."

Long-Hair hesitated; a small French cart like an old Norman cart stood near by with fifty pounds of hay heaped upon it, and under a buffalo robe peeped the barrel of a gun. The cart belonged to Mounique's brother.

"There gun," he said in a low tone, pointing to the buffalo robe.

"'Tisn't mine," replied the girl; "there's the blanket, hurry up, it is cold."

"No," said the Indian, resolutely, "no

leave white buck for blanket; leave for blanket and gun."

Maunique glanced around her, her father and brother were nowhere to be seen, and only a stray Indian straggling here and there relieved the monotony of the white street. She stepped cautiously to the cart, drew forth the gun quickly and handed it with the blanket to the waiting Indian.

"Ugh ! white squaw heap Injun !" exclaimed Long-Hair, as he prepared to follow his comrades, "heap steal, brother no find gun; say Injun steal him." And with a laugh the saucy brave disappeared.

When he had gone, Maunique knelt beside the still form upon the snow, and lifting it in her strong, young arms, she staggered with the burden to the cart, a few steps distant, where she covered it warmly with the buffalo robes, chafing the icy hands

and wrists with snow meanwhile, and bandaging with her handkerchief as best she might, the ugly scalp wound which had produced unconsciousness.

Frontier girls were adept in those days in a sort of rude nursing and surgery, and the unexpected treatment soon produced an effect upon the naturally robust frame of the young American, for a tremulous shiver vibrated through his body.

Underneath what was perhaps a seat, a long black-necked bottle protruded itself, and seizing it eagerly, Maunique forced it between the cold, blue lips and poured a generous dose of its contents down the throat.

As the life of the brandy coursed through his veins the young man gave a feeble sigh and opened his eyes, and azure as a frosted sapphire they looked up into the deep, dark night of the girl's glance.



"Who are you?" he murmured, weakly, and then as recollection slowly returned, he added, "I remember. Where is the Indian?"

"You must not talk," answered Mauniqué, solicitously, "Long-Hair is gone and you are among friends."

"I remember," said the man with labored utterance; "They were selling us from door to door, a little more than potatoes, a little less than a gun. How much was I worth?" and he tried to smile. "You have saved my life," he added, after a few moments, "such as it is."

The cold was bitterly intense, and lacking the warm shelter of her blanket, Mauniqué trembled as the frost nipped and numbed her body. Why she had done this was a mystery to her, the family of Navare thus far had not mingled in the politics of the country, and she feared to take her soldier

home of her father's lodge, where the ten hungry mouths were ever hard enough to fill without the addition of an eleventh.

"I will take you to Mr. Shelby," she exclaimed, as a distant glimpse of her father and brother spurred her to give rein to the sturdy little French pony until the cart and its disabled occupant stood before the Shelby homestead on Stann street.

While life lasted the young man never forgot the scene that ensued: the great hospitable kitchen, with its yawning fire of beech and maple logs blazing in sham battle, its cozy, cheerful corners and rush-bottomed chairs, the old-fashioned hearth and black throat of the fireplace, the sunshine slanting inward upon the floor and idle churn from the sparkling white snow-drift outside, the spotless table with a huge milk-pan of nut-brown doughnuts upon it, the caged goldfinch, the tin horn upon the wall,

and the spectacles upon the cover of the large, well-thumbed old Bible—each detail engraved itself upon his mind with photographic precision, as the deep, hearty tones of the pioneer Shelby bade him welcome, while the pioneer's wife bent over him with motherly solicitude, and close beside her, their young faces flushed with sympathy and curiosity, came the daughters of the house, Elizabeth, beautiful as a perfect flower, and Helen, the beloved of Lieutenant David Graylie.

The house of the settler\* was square and built of logs, with wooden seats running lengthwise on each side of the vine-hung porch, and a colonial entrance, over which hung a fine specimen of elk's antlers, while through the middle of the dwelling loomed a square log chimney. The interior walls were of rough-coat plaster, and from the

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\*Description of the Log Cabin of Hon. T. W. Palmer.

ceiling of the hall depended bunches of dried herbs, among which were sage, sweet marjoram, summer savory and cicely.

Rag rugs, with set patterns, covered the floors, hard, wood-bottomed chairs were made comfortable by gay patch-work cushions tied upon them, and an old oaken dresser, with strap hinges and diamonded panes, contained some generous, old fashioned china tea-cups, gilt-banded china toilet bottles, an old pewter tea-pot with black wooden handle, a cut steel purse (probably a family heirloom) and a gourd dipper, while a stuffed crane, neighbor to a capacious brass kettle, looked down with complacency upon a cherry table with rounded corners, and a mahogany table with let down leaves. Upon a shelf in the hall were the family snow-shoes, and severely framed samplers, bearing witness to maidenly diligence, hung upon the walls.

The house was considered as probably the finest the town could boast, with its leaded, broad-seated windows and their bright chintz curtains, its ample fireplaces, tapering in pyramidal form, with a shelf and sometimes two, above them, on which were placed the round pewter servers, old tea-pots and old china brought from over the sea, with a suspended musket keeping watch and ward over all, while in another room a shelf contained the blue platters and the great blue soup bowl, the family lamps, glass bottles and candelabra and several Indian boxes worked in bright colors.

Strings of colored yarn, green peppers and golden corn cobs hung from the ceiling of the "best room," or large living room upon the left side, a four-poster bedstead with figured valance, and diamond-patched quilt in mulberry color and white occupied

one corner, and near it was a child's small rocking chair, and the old cradle with high head board, and rockers and spindled sides, in which many brave feet had been hushed to sleep, and which to-day seems a creature alive and rocked by skeleton fingers; there were two footstools shaped like a Roman senator's stools, and high-backed rockers with patch-work cushions, and close to the fireplace, around which were heaped the enormous logs for the splendor of warmth which glorified the old hearth the long winter through, were the old-fashioned fire-screen, the small bellows, tongs, poker and shovel, while conveniently at hand some huge palm-leaf fans clustered, and a big iron horse pistol the settler had dubbed "Old Betsey," lay ever within the distance of an easy grasp.

In the long, cheerful dining and sitting room upon the right hand, braided mats

half concealed the floor, and a curious old settle, a large edition of the Roman foot-stool, yawned invitingly; colonial side-board upheld a few pieces of rich old silver, old clothes frames, chintz-covered, did duty as fire-screen, and two spinning wheels, one for wool and one for thread, with the "swifts," upon which the thread was reeled off, close beside them, signified the housewifeliness of the day.

A tall clock marched through time with clanging protest, in a corner stood a large splint basket full of stockings to mend, and two tiny high-chairs, with painted wooden bottoms and patch-work cushions, spoke mutely of the childhood past and gone. Securely slung from one portion of the ceiling was the large birch-bark canoe, so useful in summer, and upon a handsome leaved mahogany table rested an old sugar-cutter of iron.

Having determined that his home should be in advance of his boyhood's, and stylishly built, the settler had designed it in two stories, the upper bedrooms all comfortably carpeted with home-made rag rugs, and rich in furniture of mahogany, brass-handled colonial bureaus with bulging front or top drawer, dressing tables with mammoth pin cushions, a cupboard full of doll's dishes, and a curious little old desk; low-backed rockers, and four-poster bedsteads, all covered with laborious pieces of work in the shape of quilts called the "rising sun," which constitute at the present day a fine memorial to woman's patience and eyesight.

The bureaus and dressing tables held straight, old-fashioned candlesticks of solid silver, the flames of whose white shafts glimmered through long winter and summer, and many trinkets—a high-backed hair



comb of real shell, or a slender string of gold beads—lay out in girlish negligence, with stray glimpses of short gown and petticoat, green calash, scalloped vandyke, checked dress or snow white cap, which made the rooms human with the touch of femininity

Here Philip Abbott was more than welcome in the name of common humanity, the Shelby household being well-to-do, and when he had made known his father's name and standing in Kentucky, the young man felt himself at liberty to accept the hospitality of his countryman and to take a certain sweet, long-lasting pleasure in the ripening acquaintance of the beautiful Elizabeth.

The wounds he had received were painful and tedious, and there was no method of communication with his far-off southern home, but in the constant companionship of Mrs. Shelby and her daughters time passed all too swiftly, and the winter wore itself

away towards the enlivening influence of spring, and the universal smile of the whole world.

Each day, no matter how blustering the storm or fierce the cold, the half-breed girl, Maunique, presented herself at the nail-studded, oaken doors of the Shelby home to see how the patient progressed, many a dozen of fresh eggs from her own chickens or a dainty bit of venison or bear steak found its way into the western pioneer's kitchen, pilfered from the scanty store of her father's lodge to gratify the capricious appetite of the sick American.

Day by day his blond ruggedness of returning health seemed dearer to the girl. Heedless to the importuning of those who had long known and loved her, Maunique Navare yielded willingly to the sentiment inspired by this foreigner, and little caring who should remark her feelings, threw all

of her young soul and impulse at the feet of the man whose life she had saved.

It was impossible to mistake the look in her grand, dark eyes as they rested tenderly upon his face, the fact soon became apparent to all under the Shelby roof, and Philip himself, though ordinarily he might have felt flattered at an affection it would not be difficult to reciprocate, worried over the knowledge that in payment for his life his allegiance belonged to Maunique for his heart beat ever to the sound of Elizabeth's footsteps, and love told him the world held but one woman for him, and that happiness for him lay alone with her of his choice.

Although Detroit smarted under the insolence of British rule, secret meetings of the patriots occurred from house to house, where the trials and probable destinies of the country were discussed, opinions publicly spoken, and hope kept alive by the

stimulus of long-suppressed news, such as the grand victory of Perry in Lake Erie, which tidings were authentically circulated in Detroit by a Frenchman who had long served as interpreter to the Five Nations.

In their peaceful moods the Indian allies of Proctor were wont to open the house-doors of captured Detroit, and intrude their hated presence upon the inhabitants, who thankful if the visit was free from the spirit of murder, willingly accommodated the savages with the best that the house afforded. Few French or half-breed families, however, suffered from these depredations, and many a Canadian cabin and farm lands were left in safety and peace by the presence of a red mark upon dwelling house doors or cattle, the dash of British scarlet insuring the respect of the savages for the mighty power with whom they co-labored.

April had come, and the air was perfumed

with the breath of violets, daisies and arbutus, and earth's sudden leap into vegetation had brought the elms and maples into blow; forests were quite green, and the soft velvety freshness of the young grass blades, the troops of fleecy clouds brooding on a horizon pure as a blue bird's wing, the filmy ferns and mosses painting the rocks with emerald, engraved unfailingly the story of the months, as rare old Michigan turned a smitten cheek to the gold of the sun, and flung in radiant profusion its yellow buttercups and dandelions, its purple and white trillium, its Shepherd's Purse, and ginseng and sedge, its flame of marsh marigolds and anemones, its mottled lady's slippers and pink and white strawberry bells, with lavish prodigality on meadow, knoll and glade.

Nature, like a snow-winged angel, touched swiftly and lightly the white silence of winter, and in the sleep of death, was

forthwith heralded the promise of the resurrection.

Every little streamlet was swollen with the melting snow, and the blue birds, robins and yellow birds, thrush, tanager and orioles filled the freshness and fragrance of the woods with hosannas of melody, while by night the slender, clearcut sickle of the moon seemed poised to reap its harvest of stars, and the sun went down in a glory of flame-color and rosy orange.

Towards the late wane of such a spring afternoon, Elizabeth Shelby wandered out, and without realizing the fact, she was some distance up the old River Road before the fading twilight and the trail of splendor upon the rippling water, already beginning to chill, warned her that she was far from home, and human habitations had long begun to be scattered.

She had walked farther than was prudent

in the unsettled state of the country, and rapidly turned her steps homeward; still the road was perfectly familiar to her, and had been a loved walk in times of peace, when every change of seasons rendered land and water a treasure of color and life, and she felt no fear to-night as she hurried cityward, anxious only to arrive before the stockade gates were closed and barred for the night, otherwise her mother would be anxious and her father would chide her with right.

She was not lonely, her thoughts, which indeed had urged her to this solitary excursion, were far too pleasant and too precious for that, for Philip Abbott had told her that he loved her, and she had looked trustingly into his dark, blue eyes, and promised to be his wife, and as his lips had met hers in that first, trembling assurance of mutual yearning, out in the old orchard where the breeze was snowed with the white drift of frag-

rant bloom, Love, the sublime magician, smote the chords of her life, and pure and true they rang responsive to the future, whose key-note should be "for better or for worse!"

Under such circumstances, life in its vicissitudes, the constant fears of the surrendered town, the continuous menace to existence and property under which Detroiters under British rule then lived, were softened in the glamor of romance, and as Elizabeth Shelby moved homeward, the song of each belated bird as he flew to his nest seemed a carol of her own happiness, and even the swift flowing river, sullen and glittering under the mantle of early night, chanted with its in-rolling splashes, of her new-found love.

Moving lights in the distance denoted the fort and town, and dusk had almost given place to darkness when a figure emerged



from behind a clump of shrubbery and low bushes, and stepped towards the girl.

The feet of the figure were small, and wore moccasins of buckskin, and the well-formed limbs were covered with leggings and ornamented with fringe and embroidery, while a capacious blanket, worked with neatly arranged feathers and colored quills, was worn over the shoulders, and a cluster of feathers ridged like the comb of a cock, decorated the hair which hung in glossy locks of the blackness of a raven's wing, and coarse as the mane of a horse.

A gun, pouch and powder-horn completed the costume, and as its wearer halted before the terrified girl, he put out his hand amicably, as he grunted, "Ugh! How white squaw, how!"

Elizabeth knew him instantly for the most brilliant man of his race and day, none other than Tecumseh, the celebrated Shawnee

chief, the enemy of the whites and powerful ally of the British general, Proctor, and the chosen friend of Red Jacket, the Seneca.

Several times during these awful months of British occupancy had Tecumseh visited the town and its inhabitants, seeming to find an attraction peculiar and potent in the household of the Shalbys, where he was admired and welcomed for his intelligence, as orator, warrior and politician, and feared as the pagan leader of a savage host, and more than once his eyes had dwelt upon Elizabeth with favor in their stern depths, as he exclaimed with emphasis:

“Ugh! young white squaw nice; Tecumseh come again!” and now she had met him alone upon this desolate stretch of road in the fast-falling darkness of night, with no sound of help or human voice near by. Flight would have been useless, and after the first shock of fear had stagnated the

blood, it returned to cheeks, lips and throat in great throbs. The Indian chief gazed at her admiringly.

"Young squaw 'fraid?" he asked, pleasantly. "Tecumseh kill warriors; no kill papooses."

"No," said Elizabeth, striving to speak calmly, as she raised her great, serious eyes to his. "You are a brave man, and I do not believe you would harm me."

Tecumseh was evidently ill at ease. He had something which he wished to say, and he could scarcely say it, he, the warrior renowned throughout the country for his courage and his oratory. Almost he knew what timidity meant for the first time in his adventurous life.

"Tecumseh great chief!" he began at length; "have brother great Prophet, many lodge, many ponies, much eat." Then after a brief pause he added, "Tecumseh love

white squaw, make nice lodge, many buffalo skins, have white squaw for play, have 'nuther squaw for work."

There was no answer; Elizabeth's heart was beating furiously as she realized the situation, and the Indian continued: "Great chief sorrow that white squaw no speak, great chief think perhaps white squaw no like many squaws. Tecumseh make like pale-face, have one squaw, no two. Tecumseh let pale-face spirit man make some words over him, and great chief leave tribe and live in pale-face wigwam. No more hunt, no more fish, live like papoose and slave among pale-face brothers. All this for white squaw, love white squaw, all world nothing to buck without white squaw."

The eloquence and magnetism of the man began to stir, as he continued rapidly and tenderly:

"Little white squaw like smile of sun-

shine, stay in the heart of great chief and breathe music there like a summer evening!"

"O, daughter of the pale-faces, the fire is out in the wigwam, and the wind hurries through the empty lodge. In snow-storm or rain-storm, where the pine trees are thickest, and by the rushing of mighty rivers, the soul of Tecumseh sees but the twilight eyes of the white maiden!

"The robin and the blue bird and the wild goose cry her name, and the dreaming lakes hold ever her image. Day by day the white squaw fills the life of the warrior with longing; Tecumseh, the hunter, sees but one prey before him, which he would bear in his arms and journey slowly forever and ever; Tecumseh, the chief, knows but one ambition, the wooing of the maiden of the pale-faces."

He ceased speaking, and the cadence of his voice was rich and low, the expression of his piercing eye had softened, and every

line of his stern figure, drawn by the pencil of advancing night against the haggard sky, bespoke supplication.

He stroked softly Elizabeth's tiny white hand, which he had taken in both of his muscular, blood-stained ones, and every instinct of warfare and race-hatred seemed to vanish and to merge into the earnest passion of the lover, as he tried to draw her gently to him.

"Speak, daughter of the pale-faces!" he whispered, "shall the love of Tecumseh, chief of the Shawnees, be welcome?"

Strangely calm, but courageously, the gray, black-lashed eyes of the white girl were raised to the face of the savage. Before her stood the slayer of scores of her race, the ally of her country's enemy, and the most powerful of Indian chiefs, ready to relinquish even the sacred spark of nationality for her sake. For one fleeting instant an

impulse of patriotism caused the girl to question herself whether or not the tide of war and her country's fortune might not be changed if she did not close her heart to this savage wooer, but the succeeding second brought the scene in the orchard before her again, the stalwart, blond, young lover of her own people, the man to whose sentiment her own nature had responded in the love that is the consummation of every suggestion of happiness this dear old world may hold.

"You are a brave man, Tecumseh," she said, resolutely, as she drew backward from him, though he still held her hand, "a great chief and warrior; wed a maiden of your own people, Tecumseh; the pale-face cannot give her love for the asking, even to a leader of men like Tecumseh; you are by far too much a man, as we whites understand the

word, to want a woman who does not love you."

As she uttered these words Elizabeth felt that indeed her last hour had come, and that when the tomahawk should have done its cruel work, the river which had long been her playmate and her consolation, would hide the secret of the crime and her fate remain a mystery until somewhere, far down the stream, her body would be washed ashore to a final resting place.

Knowing well the revengeful character of the Indian, and realizing to the utmost her position and peril, Elizabeth Shelby, with a courage rare and priceless, had dared to be loyal to herself and her lover, for the sake of that sublime principle, Truth.

Tecumseh did not answer, but released her hand from its close imprisonment, as he gazed upon the river beyond her, in the profound abstraction of melancholy. Every



savage instinct in him was astir, and rioting furiously against the humanity of the man. He, the great chief and warrior of the Shawnees, refused by a maiden of the whites? Pride arose and battled in aid of the passion which had inspired the purest sentiment his savage soul had ever known.

And she was so beautiful, this tall, slender woman of the pale-faces, with her heavily-fringed, gray eyes, her flower-like face, her red, bright mouth, and her softly rippling, pale chestnut hair! Why should he not seize her and bear her far into the heart of the forest, there to rule his wigwam, and rear his dusky children, and be his own forever?

A woman, alone, and defenseless, many another that a savage born and bred, would have reasoned on this wise, but Tecumseh was celebrated throughout the country for his forbearance, justice and integrity. The great soul which the Almighty had im-

planted in this child of the forest, could not stoop to an action contrary to his wild, untutored standard of duty and honor.

Gradually his features hardened again into their habitual lines of impassiveness, and bidding the girl to follow him he turned abruptly and strode down the shore.

Although Elizabeth saw in which direction they were moving she could not believe that Tecumseh would pardon her temerity. On they went rapidly nearing the fort, meeting once a band of brawling Indians, prowling upon the outskirts of the town.

When he perceived them Tecumseh drew the girl's hand quietly within his own, and the discomfited braves, recognizing their chief, laughed and slunk back in the darkness.

At last Elizabeth could bear it no longer. "Are you going to kill me, Tecumseh?" she

asked, resolutely. "I am not afraid to die, but do not keep me in suspense about my fate."

"Perhaps put fire on young squaw," answered Tecumseh, grimly, "how young squaw like burn?"

Elizabeth shuddered, then she replied, firmly:

"I would die as bravely as I could, and die praying that you might be punished!"

Tecumseh's hand closed convulsively on her own, whatever sentiments of hers were incomprehensible to him, her courage at least he appreciated and understood.

"Tecumseh kill warriors and enemies," he said, hoarsely, "no fight with squaws and papooses; Tecumseh take white squaw to her father's lodge."

"Now I know what a brave man is!" cried the girl with a tremor of deep feeling in her voice, for this savage, who loved and lost

her, and had had strength enough to subdue the wild instincts of his race.

They were at the stockade gate and the Indian made no answer, but the hand that clasped hers tightened involuntarily until it pained her, and in the pale moonbeams, which peeped between dark masses of lazily-drifting cloud, he gazed long and thirstily into her eyes, saying farewell in that prolonged mute glance to the brief dream which had entered the heart of the Shawnee chief, and throbbed its pulses with the rhythm of life's morning.

The next instant he had thundered at the closed gate, calling out as he did so:

"Open for Tecumseh and white squaw!"

Slowly those on guard within the fort reconnoitred, and then the huge portal swung outward to admit the pair, closing quickly again with a vicious snap that no other might intrude in their footsteps, for

although the allies of the town's government were allowed free entry and exit, the guardians of Detroit were ever alive to the dreadful possibilities of an Indian outbreak.

When they reached the Shelby homestead it had been supposed that Elizabeth had decided to sup with friends in town and no uneasiness had been felt on her account, the excitement in the family having been occasioned by the knowledge that Philip Abbott was ordered away to join in the early fall Harrison's army, which at Sandusky Bay awaited a favorable opportunity to invade Canada.

As Elizabeth, with praises for Tecumseh and remonstrances for her own lack of caution, recounted her adventure, every face paled, and tears of thankfulness glistened in her mother's eyes. Philip drew her to his heart in presence of all, and begged her, if she loved him, never again to expose herself

to such a risk, assuring himself meanwhile that she was actually safe by sundry tender, caressing pinches.

Thomas Shelby could scarcely find words to express his gratitude, and extended his hand to grasp that of the Indian chief, but Tecumseh drew back, proudly exclaiming:

"No take hand, Tecumseh old man's enemy; kill old man when have chance, but Tecumseh no fight, and friend, too!"

The utter immobility of his face, and his sparkling eyes, did not by the slightest movement betray that he had remarked the presence of a successful rival, but Elizabeth felt that she understood why Philip's proffered hand was ignored, and gazed with pitying tenderness upon the Indian, as her father exclaimed:

"If Proctor had your soul, Tecumseh, it would be a pleasure to be his prisoner!"

"Young white squaw foolish," replied the

chief, curtly, "go too far from lodge. Take better care next time!"

And wrapping his blanket closely about him, for the air was yet chill, the dusky figure strode majestically away into the night

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Detroit streets at that epoch were repeatedly dotted with the scarlet coats of British soldiery, as well as the lithe, powerful forms of their Indian allies; they were familiar with each angle and country road, while wine-houses and grog-shops knew them well and hailed them as frequent visitors.

Among others of the enemy's service who found an attraction in the old town was Colonel Jack Bird, an officer in the regiment of Lieutenant David Graylie, and a man whose personal habits had compelled him for a time to absent himself from his

native land and seek service in one of Britian's many colonies.

He had been a rover, a spendthrift, a toyer with woman's love in many lands, a hard drinker and an unscrupulous winner at cards and dice, but he was a good soldier and possessed many of the qualities for promotion in his chosen line of duty, his past record was almost unknown in this country, and in company with many others in Detroit at that day, he became wildly infatuated with Elizabeth Shelby, conceiving a passion which because of her very indifference should tolerate no obstacles in the making her his wife.

Colonel Bird had not been long a visitor at her father's homestead, where young David Graylie passed all of the time that could be spared from his regiment, before he became aware of the mutual attraction between Elizabeth and Philip, and realizing



that he himself bore no favor in her thoughts, for aside from the requirements of politeness, he saw very well that his presence was distasteful, even repulsive to the girl, the English colonel resolved that his rival must disappear, and to that end arranged with his Indian allies shortly before the battle of the Thames, for the capture of Abbott one dark night, by which the young American was spirited a prisoner into the Indian camp, preparatory to being taken into Canada, while on his journey to Sandusky Bay.

The British army meanwhile lost no opportunity in securing guides and interpreters who knew thoroughly the out-lying country, and the many dialects of the Indian tribes as well as the tongue of France, and among those thus engaged none was more competent than the *coureur-de-bois*, Jean Marie Lepelette, nicknamed for his rapidity, by his Indian fellows, "Kayoshk,

the Sea Gull," who had faithfully served alike, now English, now American, confident in his ability, and sure of the coin which should secure him a prolonged orgy of three or four days in either Detroit, Montreal or Quebec.

In the army his bivouac was made by preference among the Indian camps, a large portion of which were pitched far out in the direction of what is now Woodward avenue and Palmer Park, and in the vicinity of the cabin of Pierre Navare, to whose cheerful lodge fire the half-breed guide would often wander, when his services were not required, and smoke a friendly pipe, while he watched the firelight glow upon the dark, beautiful face of Maunique Navare.

A warm and moist August had gradually drifted into the rich luxuriance of fall; great apple orchards turned their flushed cheeks with fragrant meaning to the pale vigor of

the sun, mellow old pear trees dropped their juicy burdens, and the rich bloom of plum and grape, and the gold of maize and pumpkin lingered through the hazy days till the drifting rose leaves and dying lilies, the brown, denuded fields and gorgeous forests, stained with the glory of sunset, marked the progress of October, with the "frost upon his sandals, and the sheaves within his arms."

The *coureur-de-bois* sat smoking and chatting with his friend, Navare, at the door of the log-cabin, over which the slung horse-shoe invited good luck.

Inside, bunches of herbs and drying apples hung from the low ceiling, and a buffalo skin portiere divided the apartment into two; within the great fire-place the crane swung, and half a dozen handsome little half-breeds fell over each other in sleepy quarrel upon the high-backed wooden set-

tle; a dresser set out with an abundance of wooden dishes, a clock and crucifix, brought from France, and Maunique's spinning wheel completed the furniture of the living room, which was in truth superior to most half-breed dwellings, and considered luxurious by the friends of old Pierre Navare.

National instinct and pride of race had impelled the Frenchman to make something more of a home than his neighbors, and to teach his Indian wife and children that life held more civilized ways of travel than by bridle path, trail and bark canoe, and to him doubtless was due Maunique's love for civilization, her adeptness in many housewifely accomplishments unknown to her mother, and her assiduous cultivation of the little home garden with its glow of hollyhocks and sunflowers, its clustering lilacs and sweet, old-fashioned roses, whose fragrance somehow reminded Pierre Navare of

far-away France, and a life before America and his dusky brood were dreamed of, its daffodils, four-o'clocks, poppies, sweet Williams and pinks, which encircled the red stone well with its gray curb and dangling bucket.

Wherever the eye turned, the forest in the fading thrill of sundown seemed a conflagration. Prodigious hues of scarlet, crimson and yellow, purple, red and orange painted the capricious maples, the elm trees donned a mantle of lemon yellow, the oaks a brilliant red and scarlet, and the beeches a golden russet, while of none the clear, green glory had yet entirely passed away.

By and by the full harvest moon arose, and still the men sat there in friendship, while Maunique stirred the sparkling wood fire and lighted the candles, as she busied herself in the broiling of a steak for the hungry father and his visitor.

"Yellow-Head loves her and she loves him."

MaunIQUE started as the careless words reached her on the night breeze. Yellow-Head was the Indian name of Philip Abbott, given because of the grand blond mass of hair that rippled thick and heavy away from his forehead.

"All the Indians know it," said the *cour-cur-de-bois* lightly, they are nothing without each other." Then, after a pause, he added, boastfully, "I could save him by a fling of my wist."

"Best not, the British hire you," counseled Pierre Navare wisely, unmindful of the agony of terror of the listening MaunIQUE.

Soon she called them in to supper, and with French adroitness, for Indian girls are not allowed to question, she led the straggling conversation to the story of the capture of Philip Abbott, with the details of

which the Indian scout was perfectly familiar. She learned that he was a prisoner at the Indian encampment not far from her father's lodge, for Proctor was obliged to allow his Indian allies to divide themselves and bivouac where they pleased, and she also learned what had been a secret to her before, of the mutual love between the man she had rescued and Elizabeth Shelby.

When the *coursur-de-bois* had told all and drifted into the discussion of other matters, Mauniqué became silent. Her heart leaped jealously, and almost she rejoiced that at least her rival could never again look into his rare blue eyes, and call him hers.

Then reflection brought other thoughts; Philip had never by word or deed intimated that his gratitude might ripen into love, he had assuredly never betrayed her, and as Mauniqué dwelt upon the horror of his capture and the treatment and death meted out

to Indian prisoners, her soul trembled with a sick fear for the man she loved, and every fibre of her being urged her to work her utmost for his liberation.

Patiently she waited until the old French clock marked the hour of eleven, and Jean Marie knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose to go. When *au revoir* had been said she accompanied the half-breed scout out into the little snake-like garden path, where the cool night air was redolent of the death of summer.

Jean Marie was delighted, seldom did she manifest such an interest or courtesy, rather had she avoided him, and the heart of the *coureur-de-bois* leaped in furious riot.

Perhaps she meant—to him the indefinite horizon of that “perhaps” stretched away into illimitable possibilities.

Under the ripe moon of autumn they stood, and he gazed upon her, this woman



who was all the world to him, with infinite love and patience in his eyes.

"How can you save him?" she asked, hoarsely, as she touched his coat sleeve.

Jean Marie drew quickly and jealously back.

"What is he to you?" he demanded imperiously.

Then Maunique, recognizing that the savage blood within him was aflame, deliberately and unhesitatingly lied, one of those noble lies which reach Heaven as pure as God's own truth.

"You are jealous, Jean Marie," she smiled, "Elizabeth gave me a new dress and blanket; I would save him if he is dear to her!"

"*Le Bon Dieu*, help me, I am jealous of the clothes that touch you, Maunique!" began the scout, passionately, "what shall it avail me if I do this for you?"

The girl hesitated a moment, glancing at his strong, homely face. Once before she had given all she had, and more than was her own, to ransom this American. Should she refuse this second time when his life was imperiled, and death in its most lingering torture awaited him? What other had she to give this time than herself?

The *coursur-de-bois*, watching her with hungry gaze in the darkness, timidly touched her hand.

"If you loved me ever so little——," he began.

And Maunique, turning, looked down into his eyes.

"Once you asked me to marry you," she said, and her voice sounded strangely distant, "save him—for her, and I will be your wife!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Art could scarcely have designed a finer or more perfect arena than was formed by nature in the beautiful glade or open space used by the Indian warriors as a place of solemn consultation, where the councillors and chief men of the nation discussed their matters of national interest, accompanied by numerous fantastic ceremonies, and great formality and decorum were observed, as sachem after sachem debated, the assembled warriors, seated or standing, giving expression to their approbation of the orator by guttural ejaculations of approval.

Conjuring pow-wows were also of frequent occasion here, and day after day was spent in fasting, feasting and wearisome barbarity and self-torture, while at times the curious and grotesque bull dance, the peculiar pipe-dance, accompanied by leaps and piercing yells, and that frightful dance of victory known as the scalp dance, occurred

in this beautiful glade, then far from civilization and remote in the forest, but to-day the shaded, popular retreat known as the picnic ground of Palmer Park.

In this woody theater, near the close of a rare day of early October, were gathered in council the numerous chiefs and warriors who had attached themselves to the service of King George III.

It was but a day or two previous to the battle of the Thames, and silent and grave the assembled braves listened to the words of their chosen orator and leader, forming in the variety and gayety of their Indian costumes, and their bronzed, keen faces and flashing eyes, the details of a highly colored picture, over which, shade upon shade, in ascending degree, loomed the forest primeval, with its expressive grace of maples, glowing-hued, the sweet fragrance of the heart-leaved linden, the picturesque syc-

more, the wide-reaching beech, the delicate droop of the birch trees against the dark hue of evergreens, the majestic oak and the magnificently proportioned elm, while here and there the density of trunk and foliage showed the luxuriance of sturdy white pine and feathery hemlock, the drooping balsam, the tremulous aspen, and the walnut, chestnut and hickory.

At intervals, a tall sentinel poplar stood fellow to a maple, partly scarlet, partly yellow; swamp oaks, a pure salmon tint, emphasized the conspicuous crimson of the pepperidge; orange-colored hickories, like pillars of sunshine, flashed out against some patch of deep green woods, and many stately trunks were coiled with the purple and ruby of the American ivy, while the deep Indian red of the dogwood touched with glowing point the dusk of sombre thickets, and the royal purple of many shrubs, and the fire

of the sumach glowed in brilliant display throughout the woodland.

The golden fleeces of an autumn sunset sent straggling wavelets of departing daylight into the heart of this glade, where they glowed upon a landscape undreamed of by the thousand-colored palettes of Salvator Rosa or Rubens, and lighted up the stern profile of the Indian orator, whose uplifted arm signalized a suppressed power of eloquence and invective.

"Brothers!" he cried, "the ruin of our race is upon ye!" Shall the white man with sweet voice and smiling face drive us step by step westward into the sea, from the lands where our lighted fires proclaimed us first owners, and whose boundaries the Great Spirit has never fixed nor the red man acknowledged? Shall the proud nature of freemen be humbled like the black man, in slavery, and the

Indian, like the African, multiply his race in servitude?

"Brothers! the religion of the white people has brought evil and destruction upon our brethren in the east! It has divided them among themselves, and made them victims to the iniquity of strong waters, while the virtues of the whites have passed our nation by, and left indelibly impressed upon the red man the vices of civilization.

"Does Manito, the Mighty, care for the forms of worship, or is it the homage of sincere hearts that breaks his indifference and gives him pleasure? Does the Master of Life who has given ye all of these hunting lands and ordered the existence of the red man as free as the bear or the beaver, no longer consider the Indian capable of guiding his own nation?

"Power, passions, injuries—brothers, bury them quietly in our breasts until a day

when we shall balance for the cast of superiority, and missionaries, settlers, agents—the veriest devils that ever smoked in deceit the pipe of peace—are scarred with our hatred, and slain with our tomahawks.

“What! shall the mighty Shawnees become a conquered nation, petticoated warriors, who hoe and plant and pound corn first for this white race, and then for another, and our powerful allies, the Sioux and the Chippewas, leave their bones upon the field of battle for the hated pale-face?

“What! shall the red coat and the blue coat by turns dominate our rivers, and forests, and fishing grounds, and the red man wander lonely without tribe or wigwam till the Moon of Snow-Shoes freeze his foot-prints, and he perish miserably from famine and from frost?

“What! shall the red stem of desolation sweep over our camp fires, and our maidens,



free as wild flowers, be carried to the lodge of the pale-faces, while our young men are taken prisoner to the arts of peace and the squaw civilization of the white?

“Braves! our hunters are like the leaves of the forest and the sands of the Wabash! Two roads lie before ye, one is narrow and crooked, and at its end moans misery and ruin, and the pale-face missionaries beckon the Indian adown its winding; the other leads through meadow and forest, and over shining river and marsh to the gleam of peace, security and freedom. Brothers! that great lodge of sunshine is reached only by the federation of all our people, where the allied strength of every red man causes alike the power of the red coat and blue coat to tremble and to fall!

“If the King, our Great Father across the water, had had a care for his red children, would provisions and payments have been

withheld or misapplied, and that chief of unprincipled liars—whom the Great Spirit help me! I will cause to fight in the next battle against the blue coats; be permitted to break treaties and represent falsely?

“And if our Great Father at Washington had desired the confidence and aid of the red man, would he seek to extinguish by conquest every means of subsistence and right to ownership of the soil which the Great Spirit has given to us as rightful inheritance?

“Listen, braves! Red coat, blue coat, missionary and agent, the pale-faces are the same. The hated race are grasping our territory, mile by mile, the venerated graves of our fathers are swept away, and the fate of extinction, like the beasts we have hunted, is the doom of the Indian.

“Listen, warriors! Pursue the white with relentless hatred, waylay him, murder him!

Revenge is noble, and death too much a generosity to the strangers who have debased our morals, destroyed our independence and introduced disease into our populous villages; who have seized our lands, our homes, our tribes, and who will never be content till they have driven us out of existence with neither monument nor custom left behind us to tell the tribes which come after of a race which once controlled as hunting grounds this vast country from sea to sea.

“Warriors, Shawnees, Chippewas, Sioux! Listen to the words of the Great Spirit to Tecumseh, king of the woods, and his brother, the Prophet!

“In the war before this, when our old chiefs were alive, the Americans threw our father, the King, upon his back. We have in this war taken up the hatchet for the British father because of his promises

through his representative (who is unfit to command and who had better put on petticoats), that he would get back our lands which the Americans had taken from us. The arms and ammunition sent by the father across the water for his red children have not been given, nor the clothing and food so sacredly promised. Can then our families live on the winds of winter?

"Braves and brothers! The British have used us as dogs to go ahead and start game, it is now their intention to march away from the garrison at Malden telling us the big canoes of the British Father are not yet ready to destroy the Americans. We are to follow them, and I feel assured that we will never return!

"Warriors, listen! Tecumseh pledges himself to compel this squaw chief to fight the blue-coats in this next battle, and not to run away from them like a dog who drops

his tail between his legs. There will be prisoners, remember that my graves show to them the merciful protection due to prisoners of war. If there be torture the wrath of Gitche Manitou, the mighty, shall avenge it.

"Brothers, perhaps these bad tales will all be washed away at last, and our lands restored, for every brave among you fights for camp fire and wigwam, for hunting ground and fishing ground to maintain those who shall be chiefs when we are gone.

"Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit.

"Tecumseh has spoken!"

It was midnight when the stalwart figure ceased speaking, and leaving the arena full of troubled, anxious chiefs, whom his words had deeply impressed, plunged into the forest towards his solitary wigwam. His mind was full of the subject of which he had just

discoursed, his oratory had been pregnant with peculiar fascination and intellectual energy, and as he moved through the woods with light, noiseless step, the stern dignity of his fine countenance was lighted by the deep emotion which had stirred the fountains of his soul, and caused him to dream of that vast project which filled his heart, and which the battle of Tippecanoe had nearly frustrated—the union of the scattered races into one immense confederacy, in which distinction of tribe and language should disappear in a glorious whole, and the Shawnee patriot, Tecumseh, be revered throughout the ages as the founder of an empire rivaling that of Mexico or Peru.

As he threaded his way between the wigwams of the encampment, located here and there in the adjoining woods to his own lodge at the extreme border of the forest, and where he purposed to stop but for

a moment before pushing on to the river and his allies at Malden, Tecumseh, looking to the comfort of the aged and infirm, peeping into many a frail shelter and promising its occupants skins for moccasins and clothing, and the sharing of game for winter supplies, found that his path led past a deserted camp fire, whose flickering embers revealed a dark outline just beyond, from which the quick ear of the Indian caught a low groan of pain.

Moving hastily forward, Tecumseh perceived that it was the prisoner of whom his braves had spoken that afternoon and for whom no guard was deemed necessary, and angry that against his express commands a captive had been subjected to harsh treatment, he immediately advanced to ease the thongs which bound the sufferer, when a fresh twig caught fire and flaming up brightly, shone with photographic distinc-

tiveness upon the face and form of the prisoner.

Softly the Indian turned and pursued his original way through the forest, a gleam of triumph in his eye, and savage exultation in his breast, for the blond head at which he had gazed was that of Philip Abbott, the lover of Elizabeth Shelby, waylaid and captured by Indians at the order of Colonel Jack Bird, while upon his way to Sandusky.

It was his rival, bound and helpless, upon whom the Indian, Tecumseh, had gazed, and from whom in a moment of savage jealousy had stolen away, leaving the young American to his fate. Mile after mile passed, and the Shawnee chief hurried onward, seeing before him only the beautiful face of the maiden he loved, and smelling only the wind of evening, blowing against him the fragrance of her long, pale hair.

But it was not to be left for this remark-



able man to stain a career glorious for its generosity, humanity and integrity with an act contrary to the tenets of faith and honor. After a time other thoughts swept through his mind and purified it of the ignoble roots of jealousy. He, Tecumseh, had been guilty of the very deed for which he had more than once chastized his warriors. He who loved to be called the humane chief had abandoned an enemy in distress, he had permitted violence to a prisoner. The great soul of the man writhed in remorse, his strong sense of honor was attacked and wounded, and retracing his steps he stumbled backward in the darkness, vowing expiation.

Just before day break, Philip Abbott, who had fallen into a nervous, restless slumber, felt himself suddenly drawn to his feet with the freedom of limbs long bound regained, and dragged swiftly through the forest,

away from the scattered sleeping braves, and the dying glow of camp fires. That his conductor was an Indian was plain to be seen, but the bandage from mouth and hands not yet having been removed, he could not make known his curiosity and followed his captor perforce.

Just at the edge of a patch of great woods the savage turned, and removing the straps from arms and mouth, held out a gun and ammunition, as he pointed southward and exclaimed in broken English:

"There Detroit; young brave safe; white squaw glad!"

The pale, wan eyes of opening dawn fell upon the savage face and glorified it with the halo born of the battle with self. Not a feature betrayed his own feelings as he sent his rival back to happiness, and as Philip, with surprise and gratitude, recognized Tecumseh with broken exclamations

of thankfulness, the Shawnee warrior turned away abruptly into the shadows of the forest, where night still brooded.

Four hours later, in the Indian chief who so haughtily dictated his plans to Proctor, at Sandwich, no dream of imagination could have conceived of the furious struggle between humanity and hate in which the nature of the man against the nature of the savage, had cried out to the eternal forces of power to be delivered from evil.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the half-breed fur agent and scout to the British, Jean Marie, left Mauniqué Navare with her promise to be his wife he had vowed faithfully that in some manner he would effect the escape of the Kentucky lover of Elizabeth Shelby, and to this end had made a confidant of David Graylie. The Englishmen, to whom Philip's capture was

unknown, and whom he thought to be in Sandusky with Harrison's men, becoming interested also promised in one way or another to befriend Philip because of Helen's sister, and so it chanced that in the early morning, when Philip had found such an unexpected deliverance, two men, a French *coursur-de-bois* and an English lieutenant, trudged courageously out of what is now North Woodward avenue, through the untracked thickets, to put into execution the same design.

They had not yet reached the open space which intervened between the woods which skirted Detroit and the boundless forests which stretched out into the unknown interior of the Territory, when pushing rapidly towards them, hatless and hungry-eyed, but well armed, they perceived the object of their solicitude, and amid many exclamations of surprise and interrupted explana-

tions they learned of the magnanimity of Tecumseh and the details of the American's escape.

"It is like him!" cried David Graylie, as the three moved onward to Detroit, "Proctor was obliged to release Captain Le Croix, whom he intended to send in irons on one of our vessels to Montreal, because Tecumseh desired his liberation!" and the half-breed scout related marvelous tales of the Shawnee chief, interspersing his stories with sundry congratulations and embraces for the young Kentuckian, towards whom he declared that he felt also as a rescuer whose triumph had been snatched from his grasp.

Jean Marie was, in fact, in the highest of spirits. Maunique had promised to marry him, Maunique the belle of all the country hereabout, and the American, whom she had obliged him to promise to save even at the risk of his own life or she would not

hold good to her word, had been ransomed at the eleventh hour and captured from the seemingly inextricable without interference from the half-breed, or danger to his employ as British scout, and the story could be worked over until the heart of Mauniqué was inflated with the *coureur-de-bois's* bravery.

It was worth the drinking over, and one glass followed another when they arrived at Detroit, until Jean Marie knew neither American, Indian nor English, but raved through the hours in the delirium and stupor of fiery liquors, a prey to the ever present malady of the half-breeds, the passion for strong drink.

He thought it over soberly on his way to Mauniqué's, to bid her farewell for the present and magnify his portion of the story, the fourth day after Philip's escape, as he realized that this loitering in pleasant places

must cease, and that he must soon move onward, under orders, with the British army.

The Navare cabin looked more tempting than ever as he approached it and saw old Pierre smoking among his flowers and sweet-juiced, purple beets and delicate carrots.

Jean Marie searched in vain for a glimpse of his sweetheart's face as he chatted with Pierre and related the news of the town, ending with the proud confession of Maunique's promise to him that autumn night.

"But she's not here, Jean Marie," exclaimed Pierre, as he listened with parental interest, "Maunique is too beautiful to stay in the woods like a young bear in a trap, when there is dancing and merrymaking in town. Four nights past—now that you mention it, the same night of this young man's adventure—she went down for a few days with Angèle St. Cosmo, in Detroit,

and we have not seen her since. When her visit is out she will come home, but you had best stop there, if you would talk with her, and I am pleased indeed with what you have told me."

Sorely disappointed, Jean Marie hurried back to the city, hoping with all his heart that Mauniqué had not heard of his prolonged dissipation.

But Angèle St. Cosmo had not seen her, neither had the Shelbys, nor any others of her friends, and investigation proved that upon the night that Philip Abbott regained his liberty, the half-breed girl had not entered Detroit, and wild with apprehension, Jean Marie returned to bear the news to old Pierre Navare.

Several days passed in active search, but without information whatever as to the lost Mauniqué, and the river was finally looked upon as the holder of the grim secret of her



whereabouts; all the town aided in the search, exploring parties scoured the neighboring woods, penetrating even to the Indian encampment and glade nor far distant from her father's lodge, but the spot was abandoned, the wigwams taken away, and the savages ahead with the British in Canada, with nothing but the dead ashes of spent camp fires left behind them to bear witness that their presence had once animated the peaceful glade.

No trace of the missing girl could be discerned, the fate of beautiful Maunique Navare remained in mystery, and many a heart chilled with sorrow at her untimely end, and registered a vow of avengement should it be discovered that death had reached her by foul play.

The glorious victory of Perry on Lake Erie meanwhile filled the nation with renewed hope, and so inflamed General Har-

rison with the desire to achieve some like result that he at once made active preparations for expelling Proctor from Malden and for the recovery of Detroit, embarking with Colonel Johnson, of Kentucky, for Malden, where it was found that the British general had destroyed the fort and public stores and retreated along the Thames with his Indian allies.

The *courreur-de-bois* dared stay no longer in Detroit, where his grief and despair at the loss of his sweetheart had detained him more than had pleased his English employers; the Americans had resolved to press forward immediately in pursuit of Proctor, and filled with inconsolable sorrow and gloomy forebodings, Jean Marie hastened across the river to move out with the British army through Canada, reaching Malden when the battle of the Thames had already commenced, and the motley array of Brit-

ish and Indians were fleeing before the troops of Harrison and Johnson.

Over the familiar country the half-breed sped, with the din and tumult of battle all around him, but his heart was not in his duty, and his disheartened footsteps reached the outlying camps of the English and their allies as a frightened savage rushed in with the news that the great and mighty Tecumseh had been struck by the Kentucky colonel's bullet and was fast stiffening in death.

Universal disorder reigned, and gazing about him bewilderedly in the chaos of confusion which enveloped the scene, the *cour-  
eur-de-bois* beheld bound in the cruel manner to which Indian prisoners were subjected, the dark, beautiful face of the woman he had loved and lost.

Half crazed by anxiety at the unexpected news whose telling had wrung from her a promise of marriage, Mauniqué Navare had

found herself unable to stay away from the Indian encampment where the American was held captive close to her father's lodge, and knowing Jean Marie had promised to effect an escape in some manner that night, she had quietly secreted herself in the neighborhood, not a dozen feet from where Philip was confined, thinking to be perhaps of some aid, and hoping at least to look once more upon his face.

When the American was released he and his rescuer moved cautiously in an opposite direction, and Maunique remained in ignorance of the rescue, waiting patiently for the commotion that should announce it, until she felt herself seized by two brawny savages and held for the liberation of Philip Abbott. Understanding their language, and well-known to many of the camp, Maunique readily comprehended that there was about

the escape a mystery that puzzled the Indians.

One of the best guns in the camp was missing, and a close examination of the trail showed that the flight had been planned and executed by an Indian, or at least one well versed in savage ways.

The girl never doubted for a moment that it was all in accordance with what Jean Marie had promised, and realizing that the curiosity of her captors must not be gratified, resolved upon silence, a resolution she had so well put into practice that Colonel Jack Bird, exasperated at the loss of his captive, and foreseeing his rival triumphant, ordered the savages to do as they would with her, which at her continued refusal to favor the propositions of many a brave to become his squaw, had consummated, at the tardy arrival of the *courreur-de-bois*, in the determination that she should meet her

death at the stake, if the ceremony could be arranged to take place when Tecumseh, who had prohibited, to the utmost of his ability, the torture of prisoners, was far ahead with the English general.

When Jean Marie discovered the truth as to the real position of his sweetheart, he immediately sought the English colonel, confident of his ability to free Mauniqué at once, and related the truth of the story, but Jack Bird, furious with rage and disappointment, cried:

"That's a pretty tale to bring me! Pray, sir, whom do you expect to believe it?"

"The girl is innocent, colonel," protested the half-breed, "Tecumseh himself freed your prisoner."

The colonel laughed.

"You do well," he sneered, "to choose a dead man as the hero of your fantastic imagination, and Tecumseh, after all, was but

an Indian, like the rest of you. Whoever knew a savage humane and disinterested?"

The half-breed scout did not heed the sarcasm directed at his mother's race, he was thinking with a terrible intensity of some one, now that the mighty chief could not speak in confirmation of what had been said, who should be able to verify the account just given, and upon whose verification—Jean Marie acknowledged it with a spasm of agony—should depend the fate of beautiful Mauniqué Navare.

"Lieutenant Graylie can tell you it is the truth, colonel," he said at length, knowing that the word of the young Englishman weighed heavily in the favor of his superior officer.

The colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"Graylie is as you know, on leave of absence from the regiment for his marriage,

you cannot think I would recall him for such a circumstance as this."

"Write to him," suggested the *coursur-de-bois* quietly.

"It would take too long; I haven't the time," answered the Englishman lightly.

"There is Philip Abbott, himself," persisted the half-breed, with an ugly look settling slowly upon his homely face, "send to him for his own account of his escape. Surely he is to be believed."

Jack Bird felt very evil at that moment, but to do him the fraction of justice he merited he did not believe in the account of Tecumseh's generosity, so greatly at variance with his own knowledge of Indian character, and the Shawnee chief lay cold and rigid, where he had fallen in battle. Moreover, the English colonel feared the unveiling of his cowardly plot, and would not have allowed one of his men to return to



Detroit to verify the truth, even if it were possible, and had the incensed savages been disposed to relinquish their captive.

Tecumseh dead, Graylie on furlough and the British in full retreat—these were the best reasons for allowing matters to take their course without interference from him, and some one would be punished for the escape of the man he hated.

As to the prisoner herself, an Indian more or less mattered not, reasoned the colonel, and she was a veritable little cat who had refused any favor at his hands with a hauteur equal to many a maiden reared in European courts.

"The red minx!" thought the colonel, as turning lightly towards the *coursur-de-bois* he exclaimed in a tone that proclaimed the interview finished:

"It isn't worth while, Jean Marie. Some one liberated that prisoner, and I am con-

vinced that that some one was the girl yonder. I shall do nothing to interfere with the decision of our allies."

"Then, colonel, you are a villain!"

The half-breed spoke coolly and resolutely, and the red blood swept over the Englishman's forehead and temples.

"What do you mean, you dog?" he cried, dealing a blow that felled the scout to the earth, "can such a mongrel cur as you show its teeth? Take that, and learn to respect your betters!"

Jean Marie was upon his feet in an instant, and realizing that safety and aid for Mauniqué meant flight, darted nimbly through the astonished onlookers, shouting as the distance lengthened, "Aha, colonel, I know your secret! we will see what Proctor thinks of dragging your love affairs into matters of war."

The Englishman stood dumbfounded for

a moment as he recognized that the Indians had betrayed him, and that each detail of Philip Abbott's abduction was familiar to the *coursur-de-bois*. Then he cried back, furiously:

"And I know yours, you hybrid! The girl shall die to-night!"

A short distance away, over creek and swamp and beech wood, Jean Marie encountered a runner sent from Proctor to Colonel Bird, bearing a message that the English general would at once proceed to Montreal, having basely deserted his troops, and under hot pursuit fled down the Thames, by means of swift horses and the help of a guide who knew the country. Colonel Bird was to cover the ignominious retreat to the best of his ability and follow as soon as possible to Montreal.

When the *coursur-de-bois* by a few adroitly put questions learned the import of

this communication, he at once perceived the futility of imploring the intervention and aid of the English general, Proctor. When the half-breed should have reached him, Maunique, if Colonel Bird held to his last words, would be past all help, and what could the charges of a half-breed scout avail against the statement of an English officer with the best of reasons to prevent either him or Proctor from sending to Detroit to substantiate the tale?

Escape for Maunique seemed hopeless, and slowly a plan began to formulate itself in the mind of the *courreur-de-bois*, in pursuance with whose designing he retraced his footsteps, and darkness found him once again in the English camp and near to the doomed Maunique.

The October night was cool, and Jack Bird shivered over the blazing camp fire, and cursed in generality the events of the

day. As he turned he beheld close beside him the figure of the half-breed.

"Back here, you dog!" he exclaimed, as he hallooed to several soldiers in the vicinity, "have a care, boys, that this wretch doesn't slip through our fingers again!"

But the *courreur-de-bois* made no attempt to flee.

"Colonel," he said, humbly, "I have come back to tell you that I am a liar."

"Good!" exclaimed Jack Bird, "at least you have told the truth for once. What lie rests heavy on your conscience, now?"

"What I told you about Tecumseh, colonel, was false," began Jean Marie, fingering his cap nervously, "I alone am the traitor, and my guilt alone should be punished."

And then in minute detail he related a marvellously constructed story of how unsuspectedly he had liberated the prisoner,

armed him and started him well upon his flight, waiting patiently at its conclusion to be seized and bound as prisoner of war.

"You have heard this," said the colonel, turning to several attendants, "it is at least an amusing lie uttered for love and possibly flavored with truth. Hand him over to the red devils, whom I had promised a rare treat with that yellow-headed Yankee. One will do as well as the other, perhaps."

Jean Marie made no movement of resistance; he had expected the colonel's sarcasm and judgment.

"You will free the girl, of course, colonel," he exclaimed, as they were binding him securely, "you, as an English officer, would not detain an innocent woman!" He tried to control the anxiety of his voice as he spoke, for he began too late to understand the nature of the man before him.

"I should have to be surer of her inno-

cence than I am now, to let her go," answered Colonel Bird, as he peremptorily refused to hear more of the subject, and brutally ordered the half-breed to suffer the fate of the woman he had so heroically tried to save.

Jean Marie said nothing more, his sacrifice had been useless, but he was almost happy in the knowledge that their lives would go out together.

The mercurial temperament inherited from his French father, combined with the impassivity of his Indian ancestors to make him profoundly insensible to his surroundings, and upon his strong, rugged features rested an expression such as must have immortalized and upheld Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday when their doom was made known to them, or Coriolanus, when he realized that in yielding to his mother's imploring he had sealed his own fate.

Maunique's dark eyes smiled upon him, as he was placed under a guard not far from where she lay, and in the hurried march that night he found many an opportunity to whisper to her the story of Philip's escape and the events which followed it, and a real pleasure sparkled in the dry glitter of his eyes at Maunique's sorrowful exclamation, "You will die too!"

"It is nothing!" he answered, blowing lightly upon his fingers, "Pouf! do I not die with you? It will be together forever afterwards!"

And Maunique, with glistening tears as she understood and appreciated all, murmured softly:

"Ah, Jean Marie, such love as yours deserved a like devotion!"

\* \* \* \* \*



In far-away Detroit joyous wedding bells rang out the marriage of Philip and Elizabeth, David and Helen. It was an event discussed for miles around, and to the wedding feast were bidden the greater part of the town, while farmers from the surrounding country drove in with their families several days in advance, well armed in case of an Indian disturbance meanwhile.

Around the laden board they sat, brides and bridegrooms, family and friends, and mirth, laughter and merrymaking, careless and gladsome, floated out upon the golden October afternoon, whose hazy splendor crowned the perfect morn which had seen these true hearts united.

Northeastward, in the Canadian forest, the westering sun shone upon an Indian camp, busily occupied in preparations for a festival event. Braves, children and squaws all felt the liberty of action which Tecumseh's

death had secured, no pains were spared that this double death should be an attractive spectacle to the savage audience, and as twilight merged into gloom the forest depths were illuminated by fires whose fitful gleaming lighted up the cruel Indian faces, and the forms of the captives burning at the stake.

Insensibility was fast creeping upon the woman, but the man yet lingered, his set features and glazing eyes fixed upon the face of his companion, and as night drew its black pall closer around the troubled earth, Death mercifully ended the prolonged torture.

Somewhere, in the darkness, a great angel hovered to bear away under the shadow of his vast wings the courage and devotion whose immortality had been engraven in flame.



